

(Continued on page 4)

NORTH NEWBY

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Littlehale and Master Clifford Lane were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wight. Mrs. Ella Hanesome is visiting her son Hartley, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Thompson are working for S. P. Davis.

Mrs. Ella Brown is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. Fred Kilgore. Miss Sarah Laird is staying with Mrs. J. B. Vail.

Quite a number from the "Head of the Tide" attended the services at Newry Corner Sunday A. M. A Sunday School was organized with the following officers: Supt., Mrs. A. T. Powers; Ass't Supt., Carrie French. Secretary, Addie Saunders.

Vaughn Morton has returned home from a camping trip with the Andover Camp Fire Girls at Silver Lake.

J. Hastings Bean and family of South Paris spent the week end at their camp here.

Miss Carrie Wight, Miss Cleo Russell and Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wight motored to South Paris, Friday, staying over night.

F. W. Wight, M. A. Paine, L. E. Wight and John Vail went to the Lakes fishing Friday.

Dan Forbes, who has been at Camp Devens, returned to Newry, Saturday. F. W. Wight and family, Miss Carrie Wight, Miss Cleo Russell and Maria Baker took a trip up the Lakes Thursday with E. H. Lane and family of Errol.

F. C. Bennett is reported as gaining and will soon return to the Hospital to have his eye removed.

The Grange Circle will serve a baked bean and pastry supper at Grange Hall Wednesday evening, Aug. 15th from 6 to 8. The Sisters will meet at the Hall about 4 P. M. to plan for the Fair. Any member not solicited please bring pastry.

Mrs. Ella Hanesome spent a few days with Mrs. C. W. Robertson last week. Remember the Grange meeting Saturday evening. Every member to invite a friend.

LOOKER'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tebbets visited her parents at Mechanic Falls the week end.

Mrs. Burton Hall was in Portland shopping Saturday.

Clifford Dyer has finished for the Tebbets Company and has gone to Farmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Howe of Andover visited at W. B. Rand's, Sunday. Lester Tebbets was in South Harpswe the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Owen Davis and daughter were in Dixfield Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester of Pownall called on Mr. and Mrs. King Bartlett Sunday.

Burton Hall of Lewiston visited relatives the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Douglass and son Dorrance and Miss Hazel Douglass were Sunday guests of Mrs. Annie Emery.

Mr. D. R. Smith and Miss Ruby Smith were at Howe Hill and called on Mrs. Annie Emery.

Mr. Dorrance Douglass is spending a few days with his grandmother, Mrs. Annie Emery.

ALBANY

Mrs. Ernest Paine and son, Reginald, and little daughter of South Paris and Mrs. Arthur Andrews and children have been spending a few days at their camp here. Friday they visited with Mrs. Alta Bird.

Mrs. Laura Pinkham and daughter are visiting with her sister, Mrs. Alta Bird. Mrs. Nina Burnham of Essex, Mass., is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. Angie Bean.

Mrs. Charles Ellis of Savannah, Ga., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Skeele. Mr. and Mrs. Harry McNally were at their place here over the week end.

The Ladies' Circle, which was entertained by Mrs. Leon Kimball, Mrs. F. J. Wight and Mrs. Allen was the largest held this year. The tables were daintily spread and as usual a beautiful supper was served. Friends from Waterville, Bethel, Norway and Bryant's Pond were cordially welcomed.

WEST BETHEL

Mr. Carroll Abbott is making extensive repairs on his buildings.

Mr. Alton Brooks spent the week end with his children at C. M. McInnis'. Miss Mildred McInnis spent a few days in Plymouth, N. H., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Browne of Auburn were in town Sunday.

Mrs. George Goodridge returned to Westbrook Sunday. Little Miss Janice Pennell accompanied her.

Mrs. Mildred Haley is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Martin.

Mrs. Pulsifer, who has been visiting out of town several days, returned home Saturday.

Mrs. E. B. Mason is confined to the house by sickness.

Miss Hazel Loxton, who has been spending the past week in Rumford, returned home Sunday.

CANTON

Friends in town have just learned of the marriage of Miss Ruth Gammon, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Gammon of North Hartford, to Norman Davis, son of Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Davis of Montville, Maine. The marriage, which occurred some months ago, has been kept a secret up to this time. Mrs. Davis is a graduate of Canton High School and has been a successful teacher for the past few years. She is spending the summer with her parents. Mr. Davis is well known in town, where he was formerly employed. He has a position at present with the Terminal Gas & Oil Supply Company, Boston, Mass., and will spend his vacation the latter part of August or first of September with his wife at the Gammon home. Many friends extend belated congratulations.

The Ladies' Farm Bureau meeting was held with Mrs. C. W. Walker Friday. The newly appointed demonstrators, Miss Martha Sabornia of Standish was present and her talk and the discussion was on food and its values.

Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Allen and three children of Easton, Pa., are at the cottage of A. L. Tirrell for a month's outing.

Miss Marion Welch of Mexico has been a guest of her sister, Mrs. Nathan Walte.

Miss Susie Russell of Jay is a guest of her brother, P. R. Sargent and family. The State road near the Lake has been finished and reaches to the foot of "stony hill."

Mrs. S. T. Hayden is getting along nicely at the Deaconess hospital, Boston, and expects to return home soon.

Class Vantage of Mercer has been a guest of E. C. Chamberlain and family.

The engagement of Ralph W. Blanchard of Boston to Miss Grace Kipka of North Carolina has been announced, the wedding to take place the latter part of this month. Directly after the wedding they plan to leave for San Francisco, where the passage is already booked for China where they expect to do missionary work for the next five years. Mr. Blanchard is now at the Deaconess hospital, Brookline, Mass., to have his leg operated on for an injury received during the World War. Mr. Blanchard is a former Canton boy, the son of the late Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Blanchard and has many friends in Canton who wish him much happiness.

Eighty-five guests are being entertained at Pinewood Camp and Pinewood also has a large number.

Miss Mary N. Richardson has just finished an oil portrait of Hayard Taylor Crane, Jr., the little son of Dr. and Mrs. Hayard T. Crane of Rutland, Mass., who are guests at Pinewood Camp. The portrait was a birthday gift from Mrs. Crane to her husband and is a fine likeness of the charming little fellow.

Emma and Catherine Abbott of East Peru have been guests of their aunt, Miss Lida Abbott, who returned a short time ago from the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stevens and five children of Damariscotta are guests of her sister, Mrs. Horace L. Worden and family of the Point.

Mrs. Herbert Smith and seven children of Quincy, Mass., and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Westworth and two children and friend of Holliston, Mass., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jiram A. Westworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Lacey of Rumford have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Oliver.

Miss Mildred Richardson who has been at work at her profession since her graduation from the New Haven, Conn., Hospital has returned home for a vacation.

Sheldon Sawyer is at work at Pinewood Camp.

Miss Kate Jack of Woodford is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. B. Gilbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodward, Elva Woodward and Mrs. Mary Woodward and son, Homer, of Newport, Mass., have been guests of friends in town.

Rev. Mary Hadley has been in Portland the past week attending the W. N. M. A. Institute.

Mabel Giddag, Juliet Bryant and Sybil Park have returned from Farmington Summer School.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Haley and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Haley and two children of Auburn were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Chamberlain and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mucken and three children of Manchester are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Laidley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrence of Falmouth have been guests of the father, Mano Lawrence.

M. W. Waterfield, who has been laid up with a fractured leg, is able to be at work again.

Quite an amount of work is being done at the fair grounds preparatory to the fair which will be held August 23, 29 and 30.

H. A. Westworth will harvest about a thousand quarts of black raspberries this season, which have been engaged by Portland firm.

R. A. McElroy of Mechanic Falls was a recent guest of his brothers at the Point.

The Ladies' Aid met Thursday with Mrs. H. E. Holt.

An accident happened at Pinewood

last week when Rev. and Mrs. Gould of Livermore Falls tipped over in their auto as they were driving up the hill. He lost control of it in some manner, but no one was injured and their car was hurt but little.

Mr. and Mrs. Gleason and daughter of Melrose, Mass., have been spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Packard.

John Briggs is able to be out and drive his car.

A dance was held at the Opera House Tuesday evening with music by Shaw's orchestra.

Mrs. Leslie Roberts and son, Sherman, of Richmond and Mrs. Alice Playse of Hopkinton, Mass., have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Foster.

Andrew Griffin of Portland has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Gammon.

Mrs. Evie Burke is caring for Mrs. Arthur Sanders of Livermore who has a little daughter.

Robert Farrington who fractured his collar bone while playing foot ball is getting along nicely. He is visiting his uncle, John T. Laidley, and family.

A ball game at Canton, Saturday, between the Cantons and Turners, resulted in a victory for the visiting nine, score 4 to 2.

ANDOVER

Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Robinson and daughter are spending the month with relatives at Stonington, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bartlett and daughter from Norway visited Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ripley Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Thurston and daughter are visiting Mrs. Alice Thurston.

The King's Daughters will hold their annual sale in the town hall Thursday evening, August 16. Proceeds are to be used toward building a receiving tomb.

Mrs. George M. Newhall is entertaining her brother and sister from Gormanston, Pa., at her summer home, "The Wayside Cottage."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fry from Somerville, Mass., are visiting her father, William Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Driggers have returned from a wedding trip to Portland and vicinity and are stopping with her people, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith.

Born July 29th, to the wife of Kenneth Meisner, a son.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Beale, who were called to Andover by the death of their brother-in-law, Young A. Thurston, returned to their home in Allston, Mass., Monday.

Peri Small has been entertaining his brother, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague Small, and Cuyler Small and son from New London, Conn.

Mr. Frank Field is attending Bridgeton Fair this week.

Rev. John Suter, Sr., occupied the pulpit at the Congregational Church, Sunday morning. He spoke feelingly of our late President and gave a splendid talk on his life and work.

The Radehite Chautauque has been here this week and a splendid program was given. First day, afternoon, the Trolley Operatic Company, entertainment, which was very good. Clement Vollmer lecture, "He Can Who Thinks He Can." Night, Clement Vollmer, lecture, "The Trolley Operatic Company, "The Mikado." Second day, afternoon, The Ellsworth Plasmstead Co., entertainment; Frank Lucas, accordionist. The Chautauque director, lecture, "The High Mission of Women." Night, The Chautauque director, lecture, "Main Street vs. Broadway." Frank Lucas, accordionist, the Ellsworth Plasmstead Co., entertainment. Third day, afternoon, Helen Ware and assisting artists, concert.

lots, concert; W. T. S. Culp, lecture, "The Fundamentals of Business Prosperity." Night, W. T. S. Culp, lecture, "Your America—What Will You Do with It?" Helen Ware and assisting artists, concert.

Rev. John W. Suter, Jr., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational Church Sunday morning, August 12th.

GILEAD

Mr. Eben Nay and daughter, Miss Mildred, and Caroline Cole of Mechanic Falls have been spending their vacation at Harwood's Camp.

Mrs. Mary Hackett of Boston, Mass., has been spending several days with Mrs. M. F. Dolan.

Miss Julia Loster of Montreal, P. Q., is a guest of her brother, Larry Loster, and family.

Dr. A. C. Black of Gorham, N. H., was in town last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Leighton were recent visitors in Portland.

George Campbell and Arthur Beals of Mechanic Falls spent the week end in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell of Gorham, N. H., were guests of friends in town, Sunday.

John Richardson and family were in Bethel last Monday.

There was a social dance at the Town Hall last Friday evening and music was furnished by Perkins' Orchestra of Camden, N. H.

SOUTH BETHEL

George Leonard has purchased a new Ford touring car.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks and daughter Blanche, Charles Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Walker and two children Gertrude and Gerald, and Alfred Mason motored to West Sumner, Sunday.

Scott Martin and Archie Cole of So. Paris were in town last week.

Mrs. Mike Vashaw was in Berlin on business one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Isenason of Auburn were in town recently.

Henry H. Tibbitts was at Bethel one day last week.

SPORTLIGHT

If you are a follower of sports, you know that the premier sport writer of the country in all branches is Grantland Rice, famed for his fairness, judgment and keen style. He writes a column exclusively for the

BOSTON GLOBE

For all the Sporting News read the BOSTON GLOBE.

WHY PAY MORE?

We are now prepared to furnish

BIRD'S AMERICAN FOURS

Four in one
10' X 40'

Green Slate Surfaced Asphalt Shingles

PRICE \$5.50 per M

This shingle is a winner and weighs 200 lbs. to the square. Call and see our supply of

Roofing Material

THIS IS NOT ALL WE CARRY IN STOCK.

H. ALTON BACON

Bryant's Pond, Maine

Ladies' "ALL RUBBER" Bathing Shoes

IN FIVE COLORS:

Black, Green, Orange, Blue and Red

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

NORWAY, MAINE

Phone 38-2

L. F. PIKE CO.

Men's Clothing Stores

WE BELIEVE

If you will spend your time and come to NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS

VISIT OUR STORES

We will convince you that it is your time well spent.

TWO LARGE STORES WELL STOCKED IN LARGE VARIETY OF STYLES, FABRICS, COLORS, and a large range of prices.

SOME OF THE NEW FALL GOODS BEGINNING TO ARRIVE IF YOU WANT THE NEWEST.

ALWAYS AT THIS TIME OF YEAR WE HAVE ODD LOTS OF THE PAST SEASON'S GOODS TO CLOSE AT BARGAIN PRICES.

REMEMBER TOO THERE IS A TAILOR HERE TO FIT YOU AS YOU LIKE AND NO EXTRA CHARGES. Not all stores can give you this service.

Clothcraft, Kirschbaum, Styleplus will surely please you.

NORWAY

Blue Stores

SO. PARIS



Why waste any more time longing for the pleasures you can get out of a Ford Car? Start now to make the Touring Car or any other type you may select, your own.

Soon you will have it to drive anywhere you want to go—camping—visiting—picnicking—or to your work.

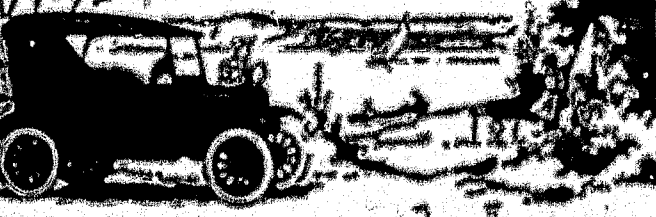
Under the terms of the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan you can enroll for as little as \$5.

We will deposit your payments in a local bank at interest. You can add a little every week. Soon the payments plus the interest, will make the car yours.

You will be surprised how little time it really takes to get a Ford after you make the start. Don't put it off—Enroll today. Come in and let us give you full particulars.

Herrick Bros. Co.

BETHEL, MAINE



THE WRONG PICTURE

It seems ridiculous to hear politicians and labor agitators get up and tear the air expounding on the fight between labor and capital. To hear their speeches and public utterances, an unformed person would have a vision of the wealthy men in this nation hiding behind breastworks of money bags and fighting out starving millions who are trying to scale this wall of gold.

In the next breath, we read in our daily papers that a rich employer in New York has turned over his clothing business to a few employees. Automatically these employees must become the hated capitalists and take their places behind barriers of gold, which in turn the workmen they hire will strive to tear down.

Is not this the wrong picture to flash constantly before the eyes of millions? Is not a capitalist any individual who has saved fifty or a hundred dollars and through wise investment, either in a peasant wage, a hothouse stand or an industrial or government bond, caused that money to earn more dollars?

Is the man who saves one hundred dollars which he puts in a public utility or a small property, where, with money contributed by hundreds of others like himself, it employs thousands of people of good wages, a bad citizen? Yet he is a capitalist just as truly as the man who invests a hundred thousand or a million dollars.

When there is removed the incentive for the man with one hundred to increase that amount to one thousand and then to ten thousand dollars and so on, there is also removed the chance of reward that is the stake for which the average able bodied American strives.

The majority of capitalists today started as hard workers, and yet, according to the radical politicians and labor agitators, the salvation of the country lies in denying to others the chance which these men had to benefit themselves and, incidentally, humanity—a general through the modern conveniences they have given to the humblest American citizen.

A WONDERFUL BUSINESS

From a very modest beginning in 1907, in a small building at Three Rivers, Mich., C. W. Kirsch, with ambition, vision and an idea, has established himself in the world of great men, and is today receiving congratulations from people all around the world.

On June 23 last Mr. and Mrs. Kirsch received the people of Sturgis, Mich., in the offices of his new building, when the public visited and inspected these enormous structures, erected and equipped at great expense, and standing as a monument to thrift, sacrifice, hard work and co-operation.

Mr. Kirsch manufactures the famous Kirsch light curtain roll. His idea was so practical that today his production plants include three immense buildings at Sturgis, and another group of large units 4 stories high at Jackson, Mich., as well as his manufacturing plant at Woodstock, Ontario.

The opening of his new building at Sturgis on June 23 was the occasion of great rejoicing among the inhabitants of the city, as well as in the ranks of the several thousand employees.

The buildings provide exceptional facilities for recreational and self-improvement. There are club-rooms, rest-rooms, music-rooms, billiard and pool rooms, swimming tank, shower bath, and gymnasium, ball room, cafeteria, dining room, roof garden—all fully equipped and immaculately maintained.

There are many other considerations shown for the employees among them a fire insurance policy for each person. C. W. Kirsch Co. are the Bethel representatives of the celebrated cars built at Sturgis, and they certainly are fast cars, as they are equipped with an engine and are associated with an organization such as the C. W. Kirsch Manufacturing Company.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Howard from Bethel, Me., were once and guests of Messrs. Tyler's. Mr. and Mrs. Howard and family spent a week at Grover Hill, where they will be the guests of her sister for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Stevens and family spent Sunday with relatives in New Gloucester.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hatchman and son, Allen and Edwin, Messrs. Rachel Martens and Ida Haxell accompanied Miss Maudie Haxell to New Sharon, Sunday, where she will be the guest of her sister for a week.

Mrs. Eliza Mills of Mason was the week end guest of her son, Mr. J. F. Tyler.

Mrs. Clara Spinyer is the guest of relatives in Bethel, Maine.

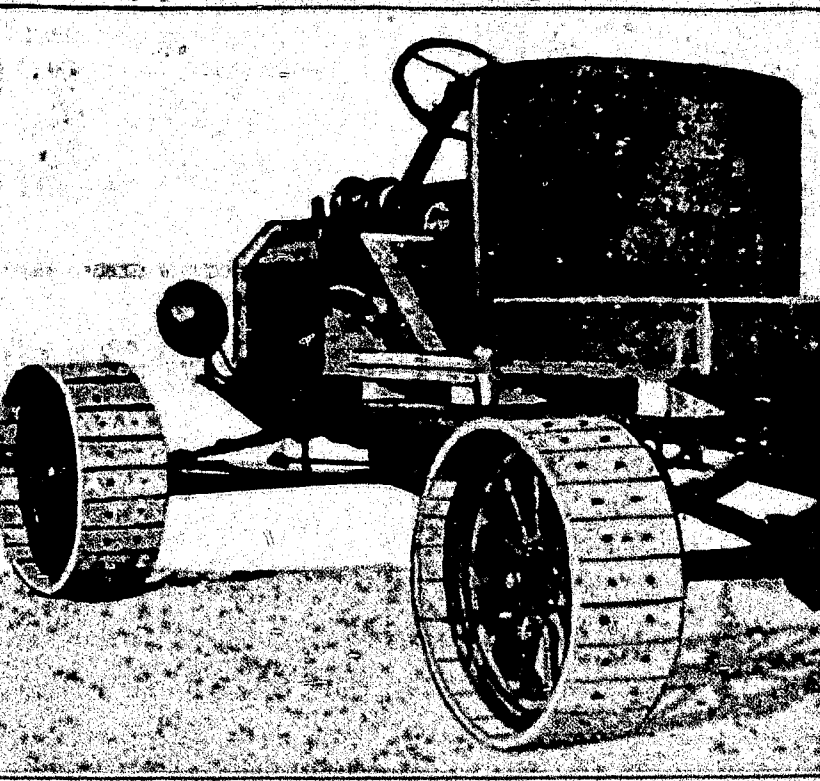
Mr. Clyde Whitman and his son, O. A. Blake, recently visited friends in Bethel, N. H.

Mr. Elmer Lyon from Auburn was in town over Sunday.

Mr. Almon Tyler has been visiting W. H. Hatchman and Fred Shaw with their family.

Mr. F. O. Parker, an antique dealer from Brunswick, Me., was in the place Tuesday.

TRAVELS OVER IMPASSABLE ROADS



D. J. Shepherd, assistant lighthouse keeper at Sunkaty Head, Mass., has designed an attachment which will enable a small car to travel rapidly over deep sand and marshy soil. By means of a special tread, ten inches wide, placed around the wheels in place of tires, the car has been able to attain speeds as high as 27 miles per hour over ground otherwise almost impassable. Mr. Shepherd states that even with three people in the car very satisfactory progress has been made over very soft and shifting sand.

BATTERY REPAIR
VERY IMPORTANT

Little Black Box Filled With Magic Works in a Most Mysterious Manner.

By N. W. COOKE, President of Coyne Trade and Engineering School.
If ever you feel like putting yourself on the back because you know how and why the carburetor, carburetes, the clutch, clutches, and so forth—if you are ever tempted to regard yourself as an authority just because you have driven and tinkered with motor cars since they first began to smoke—or if you ever get the idea that there isn't anything about automobiles that you don't know, then consider your storage battery.

There, tucked away beneath the floorboards or front seat of your car, is a little black box filled with magic that works in a mysterious way. A marvelous thing in this battery—delicate as a child, yet strong enough to turn over the most powerful engine against its own compression; as difficult to understand as a woman, as sensitive as a wife, everlastingly eating its heart out. Treat it intelligently and it reciprocates with faithful service; neglect it and it retaliates with slow but certain vengeance, but like the mule, it takes a surprising amount of abuse before it quits.

For the benefit of those motorists who take pride in well-groomed cars I suggest a few things necessary to get the best results from the battery.

The ammeter is the pulse of the electrical system and it should be carefully watched to see if the battery is charging or discharging properly.

Test the battery with the hydrometer at least once a week. Make positive that your hydrometer is accurate. If it isn't buy a new one immediately. Your battery's good health is at stake.

Add enough distilled water once a week to keep the electrolyte over the plates. Not too much or the fluid will bubble out and eat its way down the wood container.

Never leave the switch on when the engine is not running.

Prevent Short Circuits.

Prevent short circuits by watching for worn places in the insulation and taping them when discovered. Never lay a tool or other piece of metal across the battery terminals. These should be kept tight and free from corrosion (sulphate).

If a greenish substance forms around terminals, clean and dry the parts thoroughly, replace securely and cover them with cup grease to prevent the acid from climbing up the posts and causing more trouble.

Never fill the battery with water to too high a level. The water will tend to work through the top, causing corrosion of the terminals and quick destruction of the wooden box.

If electrolyte is needed, never add it yourself but consult the battery man at the service station.

Practically the only repair that is safe for the car owner to make on his storage battery is putting up the often neglected which protects the cells at the top. When this becomes broken or damaged in any way the hole may be filled and smoothed over by molting pitch and applying it while hot with a wide-bladed knife. For all other repairs the battery must be taken to the expert at the regular battery service station.

Keep the cells filled with distilled water up to the proper point; keep the battery properly charged so that the specific gravity as measured with the hydrometer is at, or close to 1.265.

Be sure in mind that when the specific gravity drops to 1.15 your battery is very, very ill and needs expert attention immediately. And, most of all, watch the water. Though the adding of the water to battery fluid is the easiest thing to do, it is an actual fact that 50 per cent of all batteries die for lack of water.

BENT RIMS CAUSE OF
TROUBLE IN CASINGS

Motorists Advised to Watch Both Tires and Carriers.

Bent rims are a direct cause of rim cuts, of tires blowing from the rim and of the breaking of the wire cables at the base of the tire. Oftentimes motorists cannot understand why their tires should blow when they are driving along slowly. The facts of the case are that the overstrained carcass has reached the limit of its endurance from previous abuse and has given away.

Many motorists, were they to examine the wheels on their cars, would be surprised to notice that their rims are bent along the edges. These bent rim flanges are ordinarily little thought of, yet they cause a good percentage of tire trouble.

When the wheel hits a frog, or a switch of a street car track, or a hole in the road, there is a tendency to flatten the rim, especially if the tire is underinflated. The rim's support, however, is essential to the life of a tire. If it is bent so that it does not fit the tire and allows the side walls to bulge, the motorist may know that trouble is to be expected unless he takes immediate precautions.

By turning up their rims, motorists may prevent much tire trouble. And half the pleasure of motoring is freedom from this trouble. A good rule to follow is to have both tires and rims inspected fortnightly. When rim trouble is found, it may usually be corrected by careful tapping with a ball hammer.

AVOID ALL CHEAP PADLOCKS

Does Not Pay Car Owner to Try to Protect Spare Tires With Inexpensive Devices.

Tires are pretty expensive things to trust to cheap padlocks. To the average person of honest proclivities, a padlock is a padlock, and that is all there is to it. But the crook, the kind of individual who gets away with your spare tires when you leave the car standing on the street even for a short time, all padlocks are not padlocks. Some are easy pickings.

The point we are making is that it does not pay to use a cheap lock to protect the spares. Get a good lever lock which will not open when gently tugged by the experienced lock man. The kind of padlock that is required for the equivalent of a couple of car tires is not the kind to use as a guardian for anything so expensive as an automobile tire. This is a case where economy and cheapness do not go hand in hand—Motor Life.

AUTOMOBILE
NEWS

"When the tread of a tire breaks and begins to flap out of the loose section at once."

A motorist who drives without lights or with only one light, is dangerous on the highway.

A worn torque rod bearing will cause a most annoying rattle. Heavy oil or grease is the best lubricant for these bearings.

A few drops of oil once a month will keep your battery terminals from corroding and wearing away and will make them last almost indefinitely.

I've strips of cotton flannel when rolling up a tube. Sprinkle talcum powder into a thick cloth bag before placing the roll therein.

Motorists, when approaching a railroad crossing in Ramsey county, Minnesota, are asked by a sign, carefully placed to attract the attention of the operator, whether he prefers his home to the highway.

A WISH COME TRUE

"It doesn't often happen."
"What?"
"A fellow cut across in front of me in his automobile this morning, and I hoped a truck would run into him."
"Well?"
"At the very next block I had the satisfaction of getting my wish. It doesn't often happen."

Forgiven.
Old Gent (furiously)—You scoundrel! Why did you elope with my daughter?
New Son-in-Law—To avoid the in-aufferable fuss and nonsense of a society wedding.

Old Gent (grasping his hand)—Thank heaven, my daughter has got a sensible husband.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Getting Back at Pa.
"Pa," said Clarence, "what's a hypocrite?"

"It's a man who tells his wife that she looks better in her last year's hat than her neighbor does in the new \$50 one she's just bought," snapped ma, with a meaningful glance in pa's direction.



HUMOR IN ALL TRADES
Policeman (to suspicious stranger at midnight)—What are you doing in this store?
Burglar—Can't yer see I'm takin' stock.

Play the Game.
Calamity to success is fine.
But when losing's fine;
If you can't be a winner yet,
Do not be a whiner.

Too Late for the Fish.
Guest—I wish I had come here a week ago.
Hotel Proprietor—Ah; You are flatterer to my establishment.

Guest—I don't know about that, but what I mean is that I should have preferred to eat this fish then instead of now.—Pittsburgh Courier.

The Stages.
When a man marries:
1. He loves her.
2. Two years later he still loves her.

3. Five years later he loves her still, but she won't stay that way.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Good Times Just Ahead.
"Can you remember," asks an exchange, "how you looked forward to your future twenty years ago? Well, this is your future. What are you doing in it?"

"Oh—er—still looking forward."

100 Per Cent American.
Mrs. Reilly—What makes these varnishes so light?
Grocer—They're imported, mum.

Mrs. Reilly—I'll take the domestic ones—then as had the brains to ruin across to this country.

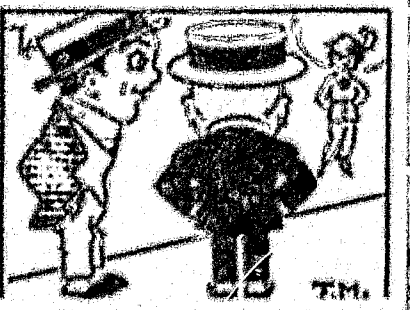
Showing Him Off.
The Doctor—I have given your baby a thorough examination and I can't find anything the matter with him.

Mrs. Newmother—Who said there was anything the matter with him? Isn't he a wonder?

A Human Slave.
"Never tell Mabel any secrets."
"Can't she keep them?"
"Keep them? Why, that girl tells people her right age."—Boston Evening Transcript.

The Winning Game.
Ted—Tom can play poker with a stranger and tell it to be bluffing. He thinks of going in for psychology.

Ned—He'd better stick to poker.



POWER
"I never saw a woman so full of energy."

"Not I. Why, merely correcting her mistakes keeps two men busy."

Mirings of a Motor Cap.
She struck a match in a carbox way.
"It smokes a bit," said she.
The price of gas went up that day.
So did the motor cap.

The Proper Place.
Mrs. Nipp—I tell you I will have this put with you.

Mr. Nipp—Wait until we get home to fight. What did we hire a hat for?

Some Satisfaction.
The Boss—You are always grumbling about something.

Chick—Well, I'm glad you admit that I'm not grumbling about anything.

Black Dogs Something Shady.
The surprised dog Black would lead himself to any such scheme.
"He didn't lead himself. He was brought."—Boston Transcript.

BONGO FOND

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gorman will give a reception to their friends, Thursday evening, Aug. 9th, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Abner Kimball.

Miss Maxine Clough of Bethel spent a few days last week at "Samson" cottage, the guest of Miss Kathryn Ramagli.

Mr. and Mrs. Eben Kilborn entertained three tables at what, Tuesday evening July 31st.

Mrs. Stearns is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Eben Kilborn for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rich motored to Portland one day last week, while there he purchased a new Packard car.

Mr. Rich is a very busy man these days. He has quite a crew working for him: painters, Millard Clough, Venie Brown and their help; carpenters, Joe Spinney, Perley Flanders and their help; and Urbain Deconier, Carlton Saunders Gardner Barker and Charles Gorman doing odd jobs and other work about the place. Mr. Rich is so busy he doesn't get a chance to shave now but once a week, where he used to shave every other day.

Judged by His Own Parents.
The Scrapps had received a newspaper containing the report of a relative's marriage, and Johnny was reading the item aloud to the family circle.

"At high noon," he read, "the clergyman took his stand beneath the floral bell, and to the music of the wedding march the contraband parties moved down the aisle." "Not 'contrabandity,' Johnny," interrupted his sister, "'contracting.'" "Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contraband parties before very long."—Boston Transcript.

LEMARE PRAISES SUMMER
HOME OF PROF. CHAPMAN

City Organist Guest at Annual Outing Festival Chorus

"If there ever was a place in the world that would inspire beautiful music, or any form of art, it is Mr. Chapman's summer home," enthusiastically declared Edwin H. Lemare, Portland's municipal organist, upon his return with Mrs. Lemare and Betty, from Shelburne, N. H., after a day spent at the lovely estate of William R. Chapman, director of the Maine Music Festival. The occasion was the annual outing of the Maine Music Festival Chorus and despite the sad condition of President Harding's death, there was an attendance of nearly 100 patrons and friends of the festival, including the usual delegation of guests from Portland.

The day was spent in the usual delightful manner, the ideal weather adding to the natural glories of the place. While Mrs. Chapman showed her guests about the house with its numerous art objects, Mr. Chapman conducted parties in the barn and stables, the plant houses, the laundry and summer houses.

The beautiful W. R. Chapman home at Shelburne was formerly the W. K. Aston estate. The grand picnic held by the Festival Chorus at this place Saturday, but repeated the many good times enjoyed by the chorus here when Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have been regular hosts of these lavish entertainments. Shelburne lies in the heart of the White Mountains and the views and the air are superb. The Chapman home is a sumptuous Swiss villa, built about 40 years ago, filled with priceless treasures, which include famous bronzes, rare Japanese vases of enormous size, paintings by noted artists, rich bronzes and fine carved furniture. Verandas encircle the house, and outlooks and towers with lodges, stables, laundry, ice houses, bird houses and summer houses are all over the estate. Over these extensive grounds the Festival Chorus has been conducted, but so vast are the grounds that an automobile could well be employed to visit the show places with comfort. Lamp posts are all over the estate. In one of the drawing rooms is a priceless Sevres vase which at one time was in the Fifth Avenue home of Aston, the former owner.

Our stock of

ATLAS JARS

is complete

ATLANTIC COL-PACK CANNERS

The best on the market. Call and get yours for the beginning of canning.

GOOD LUCK JAR RINGS

We have a complete supply.

G. L. THURSTON CO.

BETHEL, MAINE

IRA C. JORDAN

General Merchandise

BETHEL, MAINE

FOR SALE

Cedar Posts and Stakes

INQUIRE OF

BARTLETT BROS., Bethel, Me.

RUMFORD

The Rumford store, of which W. R. Morrow is proprietor, has changed its place of business from Congress street to 383 Waldo street, where in the block owned by Peter Regis, an up-to-date store has been added on the north section of this building. The store is now owned by Morris Greenman, who already conducts stores on Waldo street and upper Congress street.

The Augusta Stock Company which has been engaged here for the past six weeks, closed its engagement in town last Saturday evening. It is their plan now to return to Hartford for a winter engagement.

Mrs. Charles A. Mixer of Knox street and daughter Martha, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are spending two weeks at Ocean Park.

Miss Sarah Fernald, younger daughter of Mrs. Charles E. Fernald of Franklin street, has gone to New York to remain with her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Howell, and daughter, Mrs. Thomas Howell.

Mrs. John Montello, daughter of Mrs. John Montello of Franklin street, is enjoying a vacation at the Fernald cottage, Westbury Road.

Miss Marie McCarthy of Westbury, Mass., is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Mary E. Perry and family. Mr. and Mrs. Perry and their daughter Betty, and guest, left this week for Old Orchard beach where they will spend the month of August.

Miss George Haines, a resident of New York City, and daughter of Mr. George Haines of Knox street is expected this week to be a guest of her father for the month of August.

Dr. Edgar W. Hearn, chiropractor, expects Dr. Katherine Brophy, now Mrs. Walter Hearnfield. He is a graduate of the Palmer School, which he attended for three years.

Mrs. Lillian Lambeth and son, Roy, of Portland, are spending the month of August at the home of Mrs. Clara M. Jones at her summer home at Bailey's Island.

Gifts recently presented to the Rumford Public Library are as follows: Deane's Wife by Graham Phillips, a Paul Hiccuped by E. P. Rice, gift of Miss Edith Plagge, from Mrs. J. H. Jones, a Day of Fate by E. P. Rice, What Was the Day by E. P. Rice, Law of the North by Edward A. White, gift of Augustus Haines, The Yeh by Robert Walter, gift of Francis Farnell.

A representative of the Redpath Chautauque was in Rumford this week, and tickets were distributed and descriptive literature given out. The present officers serving here for the Rumford Chautauque are: president, Matthew McCarthy, vice president, Robert J. Hearn, secretary, Mrs. Emma H. Hearn and treasurer, Edith Pratt. The Chautauque season will begin on August 23rd, and extend through September 23rd.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ladd and grand daughter, Geraldine Ladd, are at Rumford where they are enjoying a two week vacation.

George Ladd of Chicago is expected here this week and will remain with his family through the month of August. Mrs. Ladd and children and her sister, Mrs. Lillian Hearn are enjoying a cottage owned by Henry French near the Lake at Rumford Centre.

Philip Jackson and Philip Marx are enjoying many fine evenings in camp at Howard Pond where they have engaged one of the finest cottages for the summer season.

George Walker and family of Glen Falls, N. Y., arrived in town this week to visit Mr. Walker's brother, Harold Walker, and family of Rumford street. Mrs. Gladys Austin and Miss Mildred Brown are employed at Hotel Sumner and at Rumford for the summer season.

Photo Club has purchased a new Ford car.

Mrs. Frank Lewis (Miss Nellie Varn) and two little daughters of Brooklyn, Mass. have been recent guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edith Pratt on Franklin street.

Miss Mary J. Hamilton, who has served for several years as instructor of French at Rumford High School, will join the English at the close of the school year this spring. She is expected to be a position in the high school of Franklin, Mass.

Mr. Edith Plagge left on Saturday last for Chicago, Ill., where she will visit at the home of her nephew, William H. Plagge. Miss Plagge will be away a month.

Members of the Rumford Chautauque are now being organized on a voluntary basis of the Chautauque season on August 23rd. The program for the Chautauque season will be published by the Rumford Chautauque.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ladd and grand daughter, Geraldine Ladd, are at Rumford where they are enjoying a two week vacation.

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MEMBERS, DATES AND PLACES OF MEETINGS

and subjects to be covered. This year a study of art will be made, which promises to be most interesting and instructive. Meetings for this study to begin in October. The topic committee which arranged the subjects to be studied was Mrs. Elizabeth P. Green, Miss Grace H. Hall and Mrs. Francis C. Coker. The present officers of the club are: president, Mrs. Emma H. Hearn; vice president, Mrs. Marion Becker; recording secretary, Mrs. Grace Hall and corresponding secretary Mrs. Hazel Johnson. N. J. Brooks of Boston, Va. has been a guest of his brother, Dr. M. J. Brooks and family of Crescent avenue, Virginia district.

William Upton and family have moved into a cottage on Byron street. John Perrault, Rumford High School, has employment at the International Mill, having taken the position left vacant by William Jordan, who has gone to work for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

Mrs. Ralph Parker is enjoying an outing at Old Orchard beach. Mr. Parker's sister, Miss Rachel Parker, of Portland, accompanied her.

Ralph Haskell, son of Rev. H. H. Haskell, and graduate of Kent's Hill Seminary, has employment at the Oxford Paper Mill during the summer months. In the fall Mr. Haskell expects to enter Bates College for further study.

Preschool services have been discontinued at the Virginia Chapel for the month of August.

Miss Hazel Kelly of Pine street has gone to her home in Harmony for a two week vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gooden are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a big boy. The youngster has been named Roy Maurice.

Mrs. George Pettigrew of Pine street, entertained at a "Dinner" for her attractive home, on Friday afternoon last. Six tables of guests were at play for the afternoon, and a few additional friends were invited to the latter part of the afternoon for an hour's chat over the tea-cups. Present, hot rolls, cheese, olives and eggs were most deliciously served by the hostess at the close of the game.

Candles of Early Days. Candles used by the Romans were composed of string surrounded by either wax or pitch; splinters of wood covered with fat were used by the English poorer classes about 1800.

Have you ever read the HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE?

Tell your husband to get a Globe tomorrow. See what there is in this remarkable newspaper page, and you will join the thousands of New England women who turn to that page every day for suggestions, advice and comfort.

Read the 24-page Pictorial and Fiction Magazine with next Sunday's Boston Globe.

NOTICE. The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Nancy H. Fernald late of Bethel in the State of New Hampshire, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are requested to present the same for settlement and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

ROSE KRAID. July 17th, 1923. Bethel, Me.

STATE OF MAINE. To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the eighth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1923, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Lillian M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; petition for the appointment of L. P. Morse as administrator of the estate of said deceased to act without bond presented by said L. P. Morse, executor.

Edna M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Mary Nevens as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will by said Mary Nevens one of the executors named in the will.

Lillian A. Blake late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eliphazet A. Blake, executor.

Mary J. Bartlett late of Greenwood, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Elmer C. Park, executor.

Arletta E. Stearns Judge of said Court at Paris this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Albert D. Park, Register.

STATE OF MAINE. To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1923, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Lillian M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; petition for the appointment of L. P. Morse as administrator of the estate of said deceased to act without bond presented by said L. P. Morse, executor.

HI-POWER GASOLINE

Do you remember the gasoline you used to buy—way back in 1910 or '11? You will probably remember the price at any rate—10 cents or so at the filling stations. And 10 cents for a different acting, sweeter smelling, snappier gasoline than you usually buy today at three or more times that price. Those were the days when gasoline would test anywhere from 65° Be. to 70°, with an end-point or dry-point about 350° F.

Today what do we find? A disinterested report of tests of gasoline sold in the different cities of America in July, 1923, showed that the average dry-point of gasoline marketed in Pittsburgh was 454°, covering a range between 392° F. and 518° F. For the entire country the average was 450° F. Such high end-point gasolines are directly responsible for the largest part of the troubles with the automobile engine, and it is a recognized fact, proved by the researches of various Government bureaus and our foremost automotive engineers, that such gasolines make practically impossible further increase in the efficiency of the automotive engine.

An eminent engineer, speaking before the American Petroleum Institute, declared that it is very doubtful whether any portion of a portion fuel having a distillation temperature above 450° F. is of value in an automobile engine in general use. To illustrate his point, he compared the higher fractions of gasoline to clinkers in coal, which give no heat, and by clogging the furnace prevent good coal from doing its work efficiently. The comparison is well made because the higher fractions cannot be broken up in the present-day carburetor. These fractions enter the manifold in liquid form, despite such precautionary means as jacketed carburetors and special manifolds, heliports, etc., and affect the proper distribution of the gas to the cylinders.

Condensation follows. Incomplete combustion takes place. The oil in the crank case is diluted by the higher fractions which find their way past the piston rings. The power output, the efficiency, the life of the motor, all are vitally affected. Such gasolines, especially in cold weather, are largely responsible for (1) difficulty in starting, (2) heavy carbon deposits, (3) sluggish action, (4) knocking, (5) dilution of motor oil and bearing trouble.

Gasoline, however satisfactory in the motor car of today, would be useless in the motor car of a decade ago, and would be most unsatisfactory in modern high compression aviation engines. For this reason, the desirable specifications of gasoline for general automotive use cannot be started, but the principal essential properties of gasoline can be summarized:

(1) Highly volatile products should be present in such excess that evaporation loss or danger in handling and storage is excessive; but in sufficient quantity to insure starting the engine under reasonably favorable conditions without preheating the fuel.

(2) Non-volatile constituents or fractions boiling above 400° F. should not be present, for reasons previously stated.

(3) The gasoline should be free from all accumulations of material and be resistant to action, i. e., free from acids in its manufacture, or any foreign material, such as water, that may attack the metal, or after combustion form carbonaceous deposits in the cylinder.

(4) The gasoline should be free from tank or disintegrable elements, and water while in use.

Valvoline Red Star Gasoline, a Pennsylvania distillation straight run product of 62° Be. gravity and 364° F. end-point, and it is safely under the 430° Be. previously referred to. Thus every drop of it is utilized in the combustion chamber. Better starting, greater power and economy, and mistleem distillation of the motor oil in the crank case are the results of its use. Compare it over a month's time, or even a day, with the 25-40° end-point gasoline sold as frequently sold, and you will find it really does make a difference.

Without a good motor oil, it is fully recognized, no good gasoline, or vice versa, can be used and neither will effect the advantage of the other. Valvoline Motor Oil is manufactured from Pennsylvania crude oil—the crude which has been shown to be the best for use in the motor car. They are the result of over fifty years' severe testing experience, the distilled product of up-to-date scientific equipment. From every stand-point it is fully equipped to take on the automobile oil which is unexcelled, and we have been doing so for years. Valvoline has a reputation for high quality. It is unexcelled for the use of the motorist and one that can stand up to the test.

Mineral on Their Tracks. Much evidence of the game of the deer in the house on a still day is revealed by the tracks of a deer which have been found in the house of a farmer in the town of Bethel, Me. The tracks were found in the house of a farmer in the town of Bethel, Me. The tracks were found in the house of a farmer in the town of Bethel, Me.

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STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, and by adjournment from day to day from the third Tuesday of said July. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1923, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Lillian M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; petition for the appointment of L. P. Morse as administrator of the estate of said deceased to act without bond presented by said L. P. Morse, executor.

Edna M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Mary Nevens as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will by said Mary Nevens one of the executors named in the will.

Lillian A. Blake late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eliphazet A. Blake, executor.

Mary J. Bartlett late of Greenwood, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Elmer C. Park, executor.

Arletta E. Stearns Judge of said Court at Paris this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Albert D. Park, Register.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1923, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

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Arletta E. Stearns Judge of said Court at Paris this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Albert D. Park, Register.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that she has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Abby Chase late of Upton in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

LAVONNE M. POWELL. July 17th, 1923. Upton, Maine.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of Hannah G. Sargent late of Magalloway Plantation in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

LEVIN LEAVITT. Magalloway Plantation, Maine. July 17th, 1923.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of Elly Blake late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

WILLIAM B. BLAKE. Bethel, Maine. July 17th, 1923.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of William Blake late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

WILLIAM B. BLAKE. Bethel, Maine. July 17th, 1923.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of William Blake late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

WILLIAM B. BLAKE. Bethel, Maine. July 17th, 1923.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed executor of the will of William Blake late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

WILLIAM B. BLAKE. Bethel, Maine. July 17th, 1923.

HOW

CHARACTER STUDENTS MAY LEARN FROM THE PROFILE

Can you read profiles? What do long noses indicate? or bulging brows? or receding chins? These are four types of profile—the vertical, the concave, the convex and the "S" shaped. Each one has a definite meaning.

A convex profile proclaims a rapid thinker. It never fails. It also invariably denotes an observant, self-centered person.

A concave face denotes a slow, labored, plodding type of mind. This face is philosophical, calm, collected, but once it makes up its mind it is usually right. This man's fault lies in being too conservative. He thinks too late.

The plane type of profile is moderate. This form denotes a good judge of human conduct and a fair one of things. The vertical profile is apt to go far in any pursuit because it has the happy faculty of keeping in the middle of the road.

The "S" shaped profile is the best for all around usage. Most handsome men possess it. A sharp nose usually accompanies this face. Such a profile denotes quick, decisive, correct thoughts and actions. But look out for an "S" turned backward. The reversed "S" is the weakest face of all. It is concave above, where convexity and reflective thought are most needed, and convex below, denoting rapid action. This is the type that acts before he thinks, which is fatal to most pursuits of life.—New York World.

Albert D. Park, Register.

STATE OF MAINE. To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

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Edna M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Mary Nevens as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will by said Mary Nevens one of the executors named in the will.

Lillian A. Blake late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eliphazet A. Blake, executor.

Mary J. Bartlett late of Greenwood, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Elmer C. Park, executor.

Arletta E. Stearns Judge of said Court at Paris this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Albert D. Park, Register.

STATE OF MAINE. To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named. At a Probate Court, at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the twenty-eighth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three, the following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

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That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford on the fourth Tuesday of August, A. D. 1923, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Lillian M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; petition for the appointment of L. P. Morse as administrator of the estate of said deceased to act without bond presented by said L. P. Morse, executor.

Edna M. Morse late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Mary Nevens as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will by said Mary Nevens one of the executors named in the will.

Lillian A. Blake late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Eliphazet A. Blake, executor.

Mary J. Bartlett late of Greenwood, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Elmer C. Park, executor.

Arletta E. Stearns Judge of said Court at Paris this third Tuesday of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three.

Albert D. Park, Register.

WHY

Man May Yet Have Power Over Fogs and Raindrops

The development of the airplane has made it possible for man to make rain and disperse fogs, and the how and why

GIFT OF THE DESERT

by
RANDALL
PARRISH

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—On the isolated Meager ranch, on the southern border, Deborah Kelleen, trained nurse, is in attendance on Mrs. Meager, whose husband has recently been killed, victim of an accident. Immediately after the death, Bob Meager, Mrs. Meager's stepson, arrives and takes possession of the ranch. Deborah and she realize that there seems no possibility of her getting away, alone.

CHAPTER II.—Meager gloats over Deborah's plight, telling her he has sent for a justice of the peace, who will marry them tomorrow. Horrified, the girl secures a revolver.

CHAPTER III.—The justice, Cornelius Garity, scolded and bawled friend of Meager, arrives with a party among them the "Bribe Kid," notorious desperado. The girl locks herself up.

CHAPTER IV.—Poreed by Bob, Mrs. Meager sends Deborah from the room and despite her protests the justice performs the marriage ceremony. Immediately afterward, she escapes and reaches her room.

CHAPTER V.—Meager seeks the girl, but she stuns him with the revolver and rushes to the stables, hoping to secure a horse and escape. Where away from Meager, if she must die in the desert. In the stables she finds the "Bribe Kid." Somehow he inspires her with confidence and she explains the situation, but not having been present at the wedding.

CHAPTER VI.—The "Kid" tells her his name is Daniel Kelleen, that he is no friend of Meager, and securing two horses, the pair ride into the desert.

CHAPTER VII.—Alone with Kelleen, the girl becomes somewhat apprehensive, but he tells her of his service in France, where Deborah had been a nurse, and she puts full faith in him.

CHAPTER VIII.—Kelleen explains the "Bribe Kid" is a manufactured character, that he is really a captain in the regular army, detailed down town to keep thieves and scoundrels of arm into Mexico, among them Meager and Garity.

CHAPTER IX.—While the girl is sleeping, exhausted, Kelleen disappears. Deborah awakes and places her hands on the table, talking with Juan Sanchez, associate of Meager, and from the conversation she learns Kelleen to be really a member of the gang. Her apprehensions returned, she seeks to escape, but is seized by a concealed man.

CHAPTER X.—Deborah's captor carries her to a room where she is a prisoner. The man relaxes his watchfulness, and she escapes. She finds a dead man, who had been shot in the back. She finds a note pinned to the wall, telling her to go to the open air, the girl is almost free when her guard returns and fires at her. She returns the shot and after a time succeeds in finding her way out of the cave.

CHAPTER XI.—While resting, after her terrible and exciting escape, she hears a conversation between Bob Meager and Kelleen, apparently a violent quarrel. The two part, Kelleen riding away and Meager, on foot, apparently seeking something. She finds Kelleen's horse and catches it. Kelleen, who has been searching for her, and releases him, but he refuses to leave her. While they are talking, the Kelleen discovers the presence of a plain far below them, of an outfit which he realizes must belong to the notorious character named Casheer, and is doubtful on his way into Mexico with arms and ammunition.

The man turned his face toward her quickly, impatiently, their leveled eyes meeting in the dim light. "I have already told you," he replied, "I trusted you that far; but you chose to disbelieve."

"Has you blame me if I did?" she exclaimed, almost passionately. "I trusted you more than my own eyes. You were merely going to put me against all these others, and I believed everything that had occurred before and after. You are not just. Do you remember the things I have told you about the 'Bribe Kid'—before I ever saw you? Stories of crime, of reckless murder of everything I had known. If I had known who you were back of the name, I could have ridden a mile with you, not even to escape from Bob Meager or a charge of having killed him."

"No," he said sternly, as she stopped breathless. "Let's have this out; there is no better time."

"I never knew until yesterday; until I finally recognized you. Then you told me that story—and it so I almost believed it true, almost trusted you. Really I had to believe, or pretend to believe, for I was there alone with you, helpless to protect myself, unable to escape. I was lost in the desert. Then you talked with that Mexican ruffian, where I could hear all you said. He accepted you as one of the gang, and even obeyed your orders. He believed Bob Meager had sent you out here. You were certainly lying to someone, and naturally I supposed it was me. There was every reason why you should lie to me. When you rode away together I was sure you would soon be back alone, and I determined you should never find me there. I made my choice—I was the desert and death rather than you. You understood what I mean, Daniel Kelleen."

"Yes, I understand," quietly. "Go on, let's have it all."

"Then up ahead in that little party, I saw some people. It makes no difference how I happened to be there."

It was hours later; I had not in which to think, and when I then, in the gathering dark, I crept through that patch of sagebrush and found you in private conference with Bob Meager. You were surely not playing a part then, for you had no knowledge you were being overheard. After that how could I still retain faith in you or trust myself with you?"

Kelleen did not answer directly, his gaze leaving her face and turning inquiringly to the strange scene revealed below. He stared at this moment in moody silence. Then he swung down from the saddle, dropped the rein over the horse's head, and stood beside her.

"I am going to tell you," he said calmly, "if you consent to listen. Will you trust me enough to dismount?"

There was something about the man, his quiet confidence, his low, even voice, his entire personality, which Deborah found impossible to resist. Hesitating an instant, even shrinking back from any personal contact, her lips refusing a direct answer, she yet permitted his hand to close firmly over her own and gravely descended from the security of the saddle to the common level of the desert sand. Without a word of urging or explanation, Kelleen led her forward to the very edge of the cliff, where an exposed rock, swept bare by the wind, gave them a seat. Directly beneath lay the narrow valley, dimly lighted by that single star, about which black dots constantly moved, too far away to be clearly visible. It was like a scene thrown upon a screen. Kelleen dropped down beside her, peering first over into the depths, the flicker of the distant flame barely illuminating his face. She could not help but mark its strong outline.

"You really do not understand what is being done down there?" she asked at last, as he held silent.

"I do not," he glanced aside at her, the trace of a smile on his lips. "There is something going on here quite beyond me. I had supposed this was a plain case of smuggling over the mountains over the line into Mexico. But it isn't. Casheer's outfit must have come in through that lower pass, yonder—beyond the clump of trees, extending his hand, and the only feasible way to the border lies up the opposite ravine, directly behind the cabin. All they would require here is water for the stock and a guide. That was to be Sanchez's job. He was to assure them that the way ahead was open, unguarded, and lead them over the safe trail. They need all the rest of the night to make it in."

"But—but they are unloading the mules?"

"That is exactly what they are doing—all of them; and taking the stuff back into the cabin. They are not going out of all; they are going back. Unloaded. Now, what does it mean? Why did Sanchez lie to me about it?"

Deborah sat up straight.

"Why shouldn't they lie to you?" she asked quickly. "If you are really what you pretend to be to me?"

"Because they have no suspicion—they can have none. Not a thing has occurred to arouse such doubt. The game has been played too carefully. It's not that. Meager has not the faintest suspicion as yet that I am not one of his kind. The fellow, together with Garity, is pulling off something here out of the ordinary, which they want to keep me out of—that's all."

He stopped suddenly; then turned, and placed his hand firmly on her own where it rested on the rock surface, his voice changing.

"Miss Deborah, there is no masquerade between us. I do not know why I talked to you as freely as I did last night. I must have liked you very much, and trusted you. Anyhow I told you the exact truth, and there is no occasion now to deny it. I am Daniel Kelleen, a captain in the regular army, who has volunteered for special assignment to stop this border trade."

The chapter of the Meager kid, the two men made in order to prevent one of the gang, the confidence of these others. The white powder seemed to be a week ago that Deborah was being run through town, that Bob Meager's outfit was doing it; that this was the team we had been unable to stop. I came up to Sanchez, hung around there in the lower quarters of the town, picking up stray bits of rumor. Finally I heard about Casheer, learned he was a guide out to the Meager ranch. His business with a little leaving me to believe there was some going to be a man who knew the line this over-the-border trade. That's why I came out; that's how I finally picked me up at Silver Springs, and I rode on with him to Meager's."

She was deeply interested now, too, pressed by his earnestness.

"I had sent word to our people from Nogales. There is a narrow pass through the hills on the trail below, which this outfit must use just before they cross into Mexico. There is no other way south leading from here. Early this evening a squad of cavalry got there from the north, and are waiting."

"And if the outfit they are waiting for do not show up tonight, or early tomorrow, what will the soldiers do?"

"I had to tell. This outfit has knocked out my plans completely. My guess at the game has gone wrong. As it is I have the choice of two things—either remain here and learn what these birds are really up to, or else ride south, bring these troopers back, and round up this entire outfit on general principles. I'd like more of all to discover where Meager is."

"Perhaps I can help you. I have a story to tell you yet."

Deborah spoke rapidly, clearly, de-

scribing her experiences in the con- creted tunnel, her escape up the narrow passage leading to the desert level, how she came to be hidden in the gully, and what had occurred there after Kelleen had ridden away. The captain listened eagerly to her recital of adventure, interrupting the narrative with numerous questions. This fresh knowledge brought a new element into the affair, complementing the whole matter.

"You say this was a tunnel?" he asked finally. "Dug out, you mean?"

"The light was too poor for me to tell very much. I thought at the time it might be an ancient watercourse, but work had certainly been done on it. I found a pick and shovel on a heap



She Was Deeply Interested Now.

of loosened rock. Quite a pile of broken stone lay at the farther end, as though it might have been blasted from the wall. I had to climb over it."

Kelleen drew a long breath, his hand, sealing his knee in sudden conviction.

"By G—d!" he said slowly. "I believe it must be the 'Lost Mine.' Meager may have found it, and is trying to keep it to himself."

"The 'Lost Mine'?"

"Yes; it is a tradition of this country, an old Spanish legend, I believe, but implicitly believed for a hundred years. Men by scores have lost their lives hunting for it from one end of this desert to the other. The story goes that it was fabulously rich, discovered by a Spanish explorer, who carried samples of ore clear to Mexico City. He came there twice with Indian mules, but refused all definite information, and the men he took back with him as helpers were never permitted to go beyond the edge of the desert. He would then go, in alone, and bring out the ore, a tonload at a time. No one ever tracked him; the only one who made any serious attempt to do so, was found dead. Then one day the discoverer failed to return to camp. He never did come back, and no trace of him was ever found. His name was Alvarez, and since then men have been hunting after 'Alvarez's Lost Mine.'"

"And it was actually here?"

"It must have been; the old Mexican camp was south there in that canyon where I told you the cavalrymen were waiting tonight. I am beginning to understand what is up—or, at least, suspect what all this may mean. Someone has accidentally stumbled onto this old mine. I don't believe the discoverer could be either Bob or Garity. But in some way they got wind of it and have taken possession. This munition train supposed to be headed for Mexico, stops here. Casheer doesn't know what's up, and doesn't care. He gets his money just the same, with less traveling and danger. Maybe he asks no questions, maybe he knows what's up and is in on the deal. Any way, under cover, he dumps the stuff—powder, dynamite, whatever it is—and bundles it out of sight into that cabin. That's how Deborah came to find the mine train in dark spots on the desert camp's moving trail."

"And now is nothing you can do, is there?" she asked. "It is no refuge to discover and make a mine dead man get out of a place, maybe to save a fellow, and on this border. There is something about the mine which has straightened out Casheer and Bob Meager cannot be to it. These guys are playing this game—what is up to me to find out now?"

Kelleen stood up, advancing to the very edge of the flat rock, where he could look straight down into the deep depression below.

"There is no movement down there. Casheer's outfit is not onto the scheme; after they go that stuff will all be carried into the tunnel. Meager will never dare leave it out yonder."

"What's the place called where the soldiers are?"

"The canyon—why?"

"I was wondering."

A sharp shot of fire leaped out of the night beyond the horses, accompanied by a dull report. The startled animals whirled and disappeared in the darkness, but Deborah saw only Kelleen, poised there on the edge of the chasm—saw him fling up both hands, clenching vainly at the air, and then topple over, down into those yawning depths below. She could not restrain herself instantly to roll back from the edge into the black depression at his side. In the black darkness of that shallow hole she lay motionless, scarcely venturing to

breath. In her fright and dare she yet comprehended all that had occurred; the shot had come not from beneath, but out of the desert. Kelleen had been killed, the horses stampeded; she was unhurt, but alone.

It was all over so quickly the situation barely flashed through her brain, before a voice, spoke, a voice familiar and hated.

"By G—d, that got him! Did you see how he toppled plumb over the cliff? That settles his spying on us, I reckon."

"Si, señor; but I would swear there was two of them there."

"You saw two?"

"No; only the one standing against the light, the 'Bribe Kid.' I know him; but I thought he spoke, and sure, there were two horses."

"Of course, he stole mine. I had a shot at him then; but there is no one else here. D—n you, look for yourself, Sanchez! This rock is clean as a billiard table, and there's no place to hide. Where the h—l do you suppose these braves went?"

"We find 'em when the day comes; they not go far in the desert, señor. Where the 'Kid' fall—here?"

Deborah realized that the Mexican had clambered onto the flat top of the rock, and was peering down over the edge, while Meager remained on the sand, impatiently moving about.

"Well, what do you see?" he barked finally.

"Not one d—n thing, señor; black like h—l down there—he no live after that."

Meager laughed chucklingly.

"I'll say he couldn't; not even if he was a cat. There ain't no use our hanging round here. That guy is out of the way, and we'll pick him up an' plant him, after these others clear out. Casheer's outfit must be through by this time. Go on down and start back. You paid him."

"Si, señor; he never unload till I do; he want you call 'hard-boiled.'"

"He's hard-boiled, all right, but by G—d, he's got to hold his d—n tongue over this deal! I'll go on down with you and have a final word with him. I'll tell that guy something he'll not forget. Come on; there's nothing more for us to do up here."

The frightened girl, crushed into the shallow hole, half beneath the shadowing rock, dare not stir for some time. The men might decide to return; some day suspicion might enter their minds, causing them to retrace their steps. She could see nothing, her face pressed hard against the sand, and the sound of the two died away quickly. At last, unable to remain in that pasture longer, she cautiously lifted her head and gazed about into the darkness. There was nothing to be seen or heard, and she finally struggled to her feet, clinging to the rock edge for support. It was all plain enough, yet she could not seem to think clearly, and her limbs were so weak they would scarcely support her body. Kelleen had been killed, murdered. Meager had crept up in the dark, and shot the man down in cold blood as he stood silhouetted against that gleam of fire. The victim had toppled over the cliff, and if not already dead from the bullet, must have been crushed into pulp on the rocks below.

These facts came home more and more vividly to the girl's mind. She had escaped discovery as a miracle, and yet to what end? She was alone, lost, without either horse or weapon to aid her in escape. Both animals had disappeared in the desert night, her revolver had gone down with Kelleen. But one slender bit of fortune remained—her presence there was still unsuspected. The man whose discovery she had met reason to

dear that believed her back at the ranch, hiding from him behind locked doors, but helpless to occupy his return. How she had ever evaded his recognition was a mystery, yet, thank God! she had; and this fact alone gave her a slender chance.

Assured at last that the men had really departed, a measure of strength returning as she moved her limbs and faced the realities, Deborah crept back upon the flat surface of the rock, and stared frightened into those dizzy depths below. It was like a nightmare, the horrid memory which haunted her of Kelleen's body whirling down through that glare of red light, as if from the light had faded, the

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